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Vergil. Aeneis

Aeneid Books 9, 10.

Translated by A. A. Nesbitt.



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VERGIL:  
AENEID, BOOKS IX., X.

A TRANSLATION.

BY

A. A. IRWIN NESBITT, M.A.



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VERGIL'S  
AENEID, BOOK IX.  
*A TRANSLATION.*

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AND while these things are going on in a far different place, Juno, Saturn's daughter, sent Iris down from heaven to the bold Turnus. Turnus then chanced to be sitting in the grove, in the sacred valley of his ancestor Pilumnus; whom thus Thaumás' daughter addressed with rosy lips: "Turnus, what none of the Gods would have dared promise to thy prayers, (lo,) day in its course has brought to thee unasked. Aeneas has left his settlement, his friends, his fleet, and has gone in quest of the royal abode of Palatine Evander. And this is not all; he has made his way to the extremest cities of Corythus, and is arming a force of the collected rustics of the Etruscans. Why dost thou hesitate? Now is the time to call for steed and car. Cease all delay: confound and seize his camp!" She spoke, and raised herself to the skies on balanced wings, and as she fled cut beneath the clouds a vast bow. The warrior knew her, and raised his clasped hands to the stars, and with these words followed her as she fled: "Iris, glory of heaven, who has brought thee down to me, wafted from the clouds to earth? Whence this sudden brightness? I see the mid heaven part in twain, and the stars wandering in the sky. Such omens I will follow, whoever thou art who callest me to arms." And thus speaking he went to the stream, and drew pure water from the surface of the flood, uttering many prayers to the gods, and burthened the air with his vows.

25. Presently the whole army was advancing on the open plain, rich in horses, rich in embroidered garments and golden ornaments. Messapus controls the van, the sons of Tyrrheus command the rear; in the middle of the army the



leader Turnus [moves about holding his arms, and overtops his fellows by his whole head]: like the deep Ganges silently rising with its seven calm streams, or the Nile, when with fertilizing stream it has flowed back from the fields, and now has sunk into its bed. Here the Trojans see the sudden cloud gathering in black dust, and the darkness rising on the plains. And first from the opposing pile Caicus calls out: "What band, my comrades, is rolling on in murky darkness? Swiftly bring your swords, distribute arms, and mount the walls. Up then! the enemy is here." With loud shouts the Trojans pour through all the gates, and crowd the ramparts. For thus Aeneas, unsurpassed in war, had enjoined when he left them, that should any evil chance arise in the meanwhile, they should not be bold enough to draw up in line of battle or trust to the open field; they were merely to keep the camp and the walls, safe behind their rampart. Therefore, though honour and wrath bid them meet the foe hand to hand, nevertheless they oppose the gates as barriers, and do his bidding, and all in arms await the enemy within the hollow turrets.

47. Turnus, as flying before he had outstripped the tardy host, accompanied by twenty picked horsemen, suddenly appears before the settlement; a Thracian horse, with white markings, bears him, and a golden helmet, with crimson crest, covers his head. "Is there anyone, my warriors, who with me will first against the foe? Behold!" he says, and brandishing his javelin, he hurls it through the air—the opening of the war—and moves stately o'er the plain. With shouts his comrades take up his words, and back him up with cries of awful sound. They wonder that the hearts of the Trojans should be so spiritless; that the warriors do not trust themselves to the level plain, do not meet them hand to hand, but cling to their camp. In this direction and in that in wild rage he wheels around the walls on his horse, and seeks an entrance where <sup>here</sup> ~~way~~ is none.

59. As when the wolf intending evil to the full sheepfold comes raging up to the pens, having endured the wind and rain, in the middle of the night—safe under their mothers the lambs bleat, while he, savage and violent in his <sup>ceaseless</sup> ~~way~~



wrath, rages against the prey he cannot reach—the mad desire for food that has long been growing tortures him, and his jaws are dry and bloodless: even so the wrath of the Rutulian kindles as he scans the walls and the camp; resentment burns even in his hard bones, as he wonders how to attempt an entrance, and what force may dislodge the Trojans from the rampart that shuts them in, and bring them out into the level plain. He attacks the fleet, which was lying hidden, drawn up close to the side of the camp, fenced around by earthworks and the waters of the river, and calls upon his exulting followers to fire the ships, and all aglow with wrath fills his hand with blazing pinewood. Then indeed they give their minds to the work; the presence of Turnus urges them on; and <sup>and to the</sup> ~~all the~~ youth is furnished with black torches. They plunder the hearths; the smoking torch gives forth a lurid light, and Vulcan bears the glowing embers mixed with smoke to the stars.

77. What deity, O Muses, averted this dire conflagration from the Trojans? Who drove away those fierce flames from the ships? Tell us this. Old is our belief in the event, but its fame will endure for ever. At the time when Aeneas first built his fleet on Phrygian Ida, and was preparing to seek the deep sea, the Berecynthian mother of the Gods herself is said to have addressed great Jove with these words: “Grant, my son, to my prayers, what thy dear mother asks of thee in return for the subjection of Olympus. I have a pinewood loved for many years; the grove stood on the highest summit of the mountain, to which they used to bring their sacrifices—dim with darkling pines and maple trunks; these I gladly gave to the Dardan warrior, when he wanted a fleet. Now anxious fears torture my troubled breast. Release me from my terror, and grant this power to a parent’s prayers, that these ships may not be shattered and overwhelmed by any voyage or hurricane; let it be to their profit that they grew upon my hills.”

93. To her replies her son, who guides the courses of the stars of the universe: “My mother, whither art thou calling Destiny? What is it that thou askest for these vessels of thine? Are ships fashioned by mortal hand to have the rights of the immortals? Is Aeneas to pass secure through



all the risks of danger? to what God is so great power given? Well—when they have done their part, and hereafter have reached their goal and the ports of Ausonia, from every ship which has escaped the waves and landed the Dardan leader on Laurentian fields, I will take away its mortal form, and will bid all such to be goddesses of the great deep, in shape like Doto and Galatea, Nereus' daughters, as they breast the foaming waves." He ceased, and ~~with his nod~~ ratified his promise, swearing by the streams of his Stygian brother, by the banks seething with pitch and black swirling waters, and made all Olympus tremble at his nod.

107. The promised day then had come, and the fates had fulfilled the destined time, when the wrong done by Turnus warned the Mother to avert the firebrands from her sacred ships. ✕ Then first a strange light flashed on their eyes, and a vast storm-cloud was seen to pass across the sky from the east, and the bands of Ida: then a dread voice falls through the air, and reaches all the hosts of the Trojans and Rutulians: "Have no fear, Trojans, about defending my ships, nor arm your hands; sooner shall Turnus be allowed to consume the seas with fire than the sacred pinewood. Freed from your bonds, depart, ye ships, depart as goddesses of the sea: the Mother bids you." And straightway every ship bursts its moorings from the banks, and, like dolphins, dipping their beaks beneath the waters, they plunge into the depths. And, rising hence, as many virgin forms emerge—a wondrous portent—and float over the sea, as before there had been bronze-clad prows standing by the shore.

123. The Rutuli were awe-struck; Messapus himself was panic-stricken as his horses plunged in terror, and the river checks his flow hoarse-roaring, and Tiber recoils from the deep. But his native boldness forsook not the brave Turnus—nay, he even raises their courage with his words—even chides them thus: "It is the Trojans that these portents threaten; Jupiter himself has withdrawn the aid he is wont to give them; they wait not for Rutulian spear or firebrand. No way then have the Trojans across the sea, nor have they any hope of escape; one half of the



world has been taken away from them ; but the land is in our hands—so many thousand Italian nations bear arms against them. In nowise do the fateful answers of the Gods, of which the Phrygians boast, scare me ; enough has been conceded to Venus and the fates in that the Trojans have reached the fields of fertile Ausonia. I, too, have my destiny likewise—to utterly destroy with the sword this accursed race, since my bride has been snatched from me. Such resentment pricks not the sons of Atreus alone, and not to Mycenae only is it permitted to take up arms. (140.) ‘ But it is enough to have perished once ’: nay, it should have been enough to have sinned once before ; they should have utterly loathed well-nigh all womankind. Their trust in the rampart that separates us from them, the ditch that stays our attack—the little space that separates them from death—gives them courage. Yet have they not seen the walls of Troy, reared by Neptune’s hand, sink down into the flames ? But of you, my chosen followers, who is ready to tear down this rampart, sword in hand, and attacks with me the panic-stricken camp ? I need not Vulcan’s armour, I need not a thousand ships against the Trojans. Let all the Tuscans forthwith ally themselves to them. Let them not fear the darkness and the cowardly theft of the Palladium, and the slaying of the guards of the high citadel ! nor will we hide in the dark belly of a horse. In broad daylight, in full view, I am resolved to beset and fire the walls. I will take care that they say that they have not to do with the Danai and the Pelasgian warriors, whom Hector kept at bay for ten years. Now then, since the best part of the day is spent, during its remaining hours, rejoicing in work well done, refresh your bodies, warriors, and be assured that fighting is at hand.”

159. Meanwhile Messapus is charged with the duty of besetting the gates with guards, and kindling watchfires round the ramparts. Twice seven Rutuli are chosen to keep armed watch about their entrenchments. But each of them a hundred youths follow with purple crests and flashing golden arms. They go backwards and forwards, and mount guard in turns, and, stretched on the grass, indulge in wine and tilt the bronze bowls ; the fires shine



bright, and the guards pass the sleepless night in revelry. X

168. All this the Trojans view from their rampart above, while in arms they guard their lofty wall, and troubled by anxious fears examine their gates, and join bridges and outworks, all in arms. Mnestheus and bold Serestus press on the work, whom Father Aeneas appointed to guide the youth and direct affairs, should adverse fortune at any time require their aid. All the warriors, having assigned by lot the posts of danger, keep watch along the walls, and mount in turns their several guards.

176. Nisus, that valiant warrior, was guardian of the gate, the son of Hyrtacus, whom the huntress Ida had sent to accompany Aeneas, a swift speeder of the javelin and the light arrows; and with him as companion came Euryalus, than whom no fairer youth was among the followers of Aeneas, or donned Trojan arms; his unshorn cheeks marked with the down of early manhood. Theirs was a united love; side by side they rushed to war; then, too, they kept the gate on guard together. "Is it the Gods," said Nisus, "who fill our hearts with these fires, Euryalus, or do his own fierce passions become to each a God? *My* heart has long been urging me to attempt some contest or some mighty deed, and cannot rest content with calm repose. Thou seest what confidence in their fortunes possesses the Rutuli. But few lights gleam; they are stretched on the ground overcome with sleep and wine; far and wide their lines are still; proceed to learn then what I ponder, and the purpose that now rises in my mind. All our people, the commons and the chiefs alike, demand that Aeneas should be summoned, and that men should be sent to bear him certain tidings of our state. Now, if they promise thee the boon I ask (for the glory of the deed suffices for me), I think that I can find at the base of yonder mound a road to the walls and fortress of Pallanteum."

197. Euryalus stood amazed, and smitten with a great desire for renown; then he thus addressed his eager friend: "Dost thou, then, Nisus, shun to associate me with thyself in deeds of high emprise? Am I to send thee forth alone to brave these dreadful perils? Not thus did my father



Opheltes, versed in war, train and rear me amid the Argive terror and the toils of Troy; nor while with thee have I acted thus, as I followed the high-souled Aeneas and his fortunes to the end. This heart recks not of the light, and is such as to deem that glory which thou seekest cheaply purchased at the cost of life."

207. To this Nisus: "No such fear had I in thy regard, nor could I justly have—no; so may great Jove, or whatever God beholds this enterprise with favouring eye, bring me back to thee in triumph. But if any evil chance—and many such thou seest in such a hazard—if any God should drive me to destruction, I should wish thee to survive; thy years deserve life better. May there be one to rescue my body from the fight or redeem it with a price and commit it to the earth, or—if any chance, as is my wont, forbids this service—to offer sacrifice for the missing dead and honour him with a tomb. Nor let me be the cause of such great grief to the unhappy mother who alone of so many matrons dared to follow thee, and regarded not the city of great Acestes." But he replied: "In vain dost thou contrive a web of idle reasons, my purpose is unchanged, and gives not way; let us make speed," quoth he. At the same time he rouses the guards; they replace them and mount guard in their turn; leaving the post, he himself moves on in company with Nisus, and they seek the prince.

224. All living things throughout the earth were casting off their cares in sleep, and refreshing their hearts forgetful of their toils; but the foremost chiefs of the Trojans, the chosen warriors, were holding counsel about the crisis in the state, as to what they were to do, or who should now be their messenger to Aeneas. They stand leaning on their long spears, gazing down their shields, between the camp and the open ground. Then Nisus, and with him Euryalus, in hurried eagerness crave to be admitted, pleading that their matter is important, and would be worth the delay. Iulus first welcomes the anxious youths, and bids Nisus speak. Then thus spoke the son of Hyrtacus: "Followers of Aeneas, hear us with favourable minds, and let not these proposals of ours be judged by



our years. The Rutuli are still, and have succumbed to wine and sleep: we ourselves have spied out a spot for stealthy approach, which lies open to the gate nearest to the sea, by which we pass out and in; the line of fires is broken, and the black smoke is rising to the stars; if you permit us to use this chance to seek Aeneas and the walls of Pallanteum, you will soon see us here again with our spoils, having caused a mighty slaughter. Nor will the road elude us as we go; we have seen the outskirts of the city from the dark valleys beneath, while constantly engaged in hunting, and have explored the whole stream."

246. Then spoke Aletes, weighted with years and ripe in judgment: "Gods of my country, under whose sway Troy has ever been, in spite of all, ye do not intend to destroy the Trojans utterly, when you have raised such courage in our youth, and such trusty hearts as these." So saying, he clasped the shoulders and right hands of both, and bedewed their cheeks and faces with his tears. "What rewards, what worthy recompense am I to think can be given to you heroes, for such a glorious deed? The Gods and your consciences will first give you the fairest recompense; then the pious Aeneas will quickly give the rest, and Ascanius, as yet untouched by age, who will never forget this great service."

257. "Nay, I," broke in Ascanius, "whose only hope of safety lies in the bringing back of my father, appeal to you both, O Nisus, by the great Penates and the Lar of Assaracus and the shrine of the pure Vesta: whatever fortune and faith is mine I trust to you; summon my father back; restore him to my sight; there is naught to fear when I have won him back. I will give two goblets fairly fashioned of silver, and rough with graving, which my father took when he overthrew Arisba, and tripods twain, two great talents of gold, and an ancient bowl which Phoenician Dido gave. But if it be my lot to take Italy with conquering hand, and win the sovereign power, and to allot the booty—thou hast seen the horse on which Turnus rode, the arms he wore, all glittering with gold—that very horse, the shield, and the ruddy crest I will keep back from the lot, even now they are thy allotted reward,



O Nisus. Besides, my father shall give thee twice six chosen matrons, and captives, and with them all their arms; and besides these whatever of the plain King Latinus himself has. But as for thee, held in high honour though a boy, whom my age follows nearer in the course, I now receive thee with my whole heart, and embrace thee as my companion in all chances. No glory shall be sought for my fortunes without thee; whether I be engaged in peace or war, to thee most fully will I entrust all I do and say."

280. To him Euryalus thus makes answer: "No day shall ever prove me unfit for the like brave deeds, provided only fortune prove kind, not cruel. But of thee, above all gifts, I crave one boon. I have an aged mother of the race of Priam, whom, hapless one, the Ilian land could not keep from departing with me, nor the walls of King Acestes. Her I now leave ignorant of this peril, whatever it may be, and without greeting: night and thy right hand be my witness that 'tis because I cannot brook a mother's tears. But do thou, I entreat, comfort her in her loneliness, succour her when I have left her; let me carry with me this hope in thee: so shall I more boldly face all perils."

292. Deeply moved, the sons of Troy shed tears; and most of all the comely Iulus, and the semblance of his love for his own father touched his mind. Then thus he speaks: "Assure thyself of all things worthy of thy great attempt. For she, of whom thou speakest, shall be to me a mother, and only the name of Creusa shall be lacking; no small favour is in store for the mother of such a son. Whatever fortune shall attend thy exploit, by my head I swear, by which my father was erstwhile wont to swear; all that I promise thee if thou returnest successful, shall be assured to thy mother and her people." So he spoke, weeping over him, and as he spoke he took from his shoulder his sword adorned with gold, which the Gnosian Lycaon had made with wondrous art, and had fitted for carrying with a sheath of ivory. Mnestheus gives to Nisus a skin, the shaggy spoils of a lion; Aletes exchanges helmets with him. Straightway they arm and start, and all the company of chieftains, young and old, attends them

to the gates with prayers. And the noble Iulus, too, with a mind and mature judgment beyond his years, gave many messages to be carried to his father; but the winds disperse them all and give them all in vain to the clouds.

314. Once outside they cross the ditch, and in the darkness of the night they make for the hostile camp—to die themselves, yet first to be the death of many. On all sides they see bodies stretched on the grass, overcome by sleep and wine, chariots set upright on the shore, and warriors lying among the wheels and harness, and arms and wine-cups all commingled. And first thus spoke the son of Hyrtacus: “Euryalus, we must strike boldly; the deed now invites us. Here is our road. Do thou guard, and take good heed that no hand be able to assail us from behind. All this will I lay waste, and will lead thee by a broad path.” So he speaks with bated breath, and assails with his sword the haughty Rhamnes, who, raised on high-piled rugs, happened to be breathing forth his sleep from his whole throat—himself a king, and by King Turnus an augur most beloved; but he could not by his augury avert death. Three slaves near him he slays, lying carelessly among their arms, and the armour-bearer of Remus and the charioteer, catching him at the very feet of the horses, and severs their drooping necks with the steel. Then he cuts off the head of their master himself, and leaves the trunk spouting blood: the earth and couch are dripping wet with warm black gore. And he slew Lamyrus and Lamus, too, and the youthful Serranus, who that night, fair youth, had played deep, and was lying overpowered in his limbs by deep draughts of the wine-god. Well had it been for him had he played the night through without break, and protracted the game till the dawn. Even so a famished lion raging through the full sheepfolds (for maddening hunger impels him) mangles and carries off the gentle creatures dumb with fear, and growls with blood-stained jaws.

342. And no less carnage did Euryalus work. He, too, is fired with fury, and he falls upon a multitude of nameless common men who lie in his path: Fadus, and Herbesus, and Rhoetus, and Abaris—the rest unconscious



of their doom; Rhoetus, wakeful and seeing all, but fearing, sheltered himself behind a great bowl. Full in his breast as he tried to rise, Euryalus, rushing in, buried his whole sword, and as he drew it out the blood followed it in streams; the other pours forth the red stream of life, and in his dying struggles vomits mingled wine and blood. But he all fevered presses on his dark enterprise, and was now making for the comrades of Messapus. There he saw the fires burning low, and the horses duly tethered cropping the grass, when Nisus thus briefly addressed him, for he saw that he was carried away by exceeding lust for slaughter: "Let us desist," he says, "for unfriendly light approaches. We have drunk deep enough of vengeance: we have made a way through the enemy."

357. Many are the arms of heroes that they leave behind them, fashioned of solid silver, and bowls also and beautiful rugs. Euryalus takes the trappings of Rhamnes and a belt with golden studs, which the wealthy Caedicus sent once as a gift to Remulus of Tibur, when he formed ties of friendship with him though absent. He when dying gave it to his grandson to keep; after his death, in war and fight, the Rutuli won it. This belt he takes and fastens it on his shoulders, vainly brave. Then he puts on the well-fitting helm of Messapus, adorned with a crest. They leave the camp and seek a place of safety.

367. Meanwhile horsemen, who had been sent on from the Latin city while the rest of the force remained drawn up on the plain, were coming, bearing answers to King Turnus, thrice a hundred men, all armed with shields, with Volcens at their head. And now they were nearing the camp and coming close up to the wall, when afar off they descry the two Trojans turning away on the left pathway, and in the faintly-illuminated darkness of the night his helmet flashed back rays of light, and betrayed the heedless Euryalus. Not carelessly did they regard the sight. Volcens shouts from his band: "Stand, my men! What is the reason of your journeying? Who are you that are in arms? Whither are you going?" No word did they offer in reply, but swiftly fled into the woods and trusted to the darkness. The horsemen post themselves at the well-known

crossways on all sides, and surround all outlets with guards. It was a wood all bristling with brushwood and black ilex, which dense briars had overgrown; the path shone here and there amid the dim tracks. The darkness of the boughs and the weight of his spoils impede Euryalus, and his fear leads him astray from the line of road. //

386. Nisus escapes. And now, without thought of his companion, he had escaped the enemy and the region (which afterwards, from the name of Alba, was called Alban—at that time King Latinus had there his lofty stables), when he stopped and in vain looked back for his absent friend. “Oh, unhappy Euryalus! where have I left thee? or where am I to seek thee, again retracing all the mazy path of this baffling wood?” While he yet speaks, he seeks and retraces the marks of his passage and wanders through the silent brakes. He hears the horses, he hears the cries, and all the sounds made by the pursuers. And no long time had intervened when a shout reached his ears, and he sees Euryalus, whom now the whole band has surprised, misled as he was by the paths and darkness, and confused by the sudden turmoil, and is hurrying away, fiercely but vainly resisting.

399. What is he to do? With what force, with what arms is he to dare to rescue the youth? Must he hurl himself to certain death on their swords, and seek a swift and glorious end by many wounds? Quickly drawing back his arm and brandishing his spear, he looks up to the Moon Goddess now high in the heavens and thus prays: “Do thou, Goddess—do thou with thy presence aid my efforts, Latona, glory of the stars and guardian of the woods! If at any time my father Hyrtacus has offered gifts on my behalf at thy altars—if I myself have added any gifts from my victims in the chase, and hung them from thy dome or attached them to thy sacred roof-tree, grant that I may confound this band, and guide my weapons through the air.”

410. He ceased, and exerting all his strength he hurled his spear. The missile flying cleaves the shades of night and pierces the back of Sulmo as he looks the other way,



and there is broken off, <sup>and</sup> and, though the wood is shivered, drives through his midriff. He rolls cold in death, pouring from his breast the warm stream of life, and his sides heave with long gasping sobs. They look around on all sides, when lo, emboldened by this cast, from above his ear he hurled a second lance. While they were in confusion, the spear passed whizzing through both temples of Tagus, and stuck warming in the pierced brain. Volcens fiercely raged, and saw not anywhere the hurler of the lance, and knew not where in his wrath he could make an attack. "Natheless, thou meantime with thy warm blood shalt pay me the penalty for both," said he; and with drawn sword he rushed against Euryalus. Then, indeed, scared and maddened, Nisus cried aloud, and could no longer conceal himself in the gloom or endure such great anguish: "Me! me! I am here who did it; on me turn your weapons, O Rutulians! Mine is all the blame: he neither dared nor could do aught! I call the sky and all-seeing stars to witness; he only loved too much his hapless friend."

431. Such words he was pouring forth; but the sword, driven home by the strong arm, has pierced the side and riven the white breast. Euryalus rolls in death, and the blood trickles down his fair limbs, and his neck droops sinking on his shoulders. E'en so a bright flower cut down by the plough fades in death, or poppies hang their heads on their wearied stems when they chance to be weighed down by rain. But Nisus rushes into the midst of them, and among them all seeks Volcens alone; he stays for none but Volcens. And the foemen, crowding round him on all sides, close with him and beat him back. None the less vigorously does he press on, and whirls his sword like a thunderbolt, until he has plunged it in the opposing face of the Rutulian as he shrieked for aid, and even in his death-throes robbed his foe of life. Then, pierced through and through, he cast himself on his lifeless friend, and there at last lay stilled in death's calm sleep.

446. Fortunate pair! if my strains avail aught, no day shall ever remove you from remembering time; while the house of Aeneas shall dwell on the firm rock of the Capitol and the Roman father shall hold sway.

450. The Rutuli victorious, and having possessed themselves of the booty and the spoils, weeping, bore back the lifeless Volcens to the camp. Nor less was the grief in the camp when Rhamnes was found lifeless and so many chiefs slain in one slaughter, and Serranus and Numa. There is an immense crowd to recognise the bodies, and round the dying warriors and the ground, freshly stained with gore yet warm, and the streams running with foaming blood. They pass the spoils from one to another, and recognise the glittering helmet of Messapus and the trappings, recovered with so much toil.

459. And now Aurora, just leaving the saffron couch of Tithonus, was shedding on the world the light of a new day. When now the sun's rays were poured forth and all things were disclosed by his beams, Turnus, having girded on his own arms, calls upon his men to arm, and each leader urges on his mailed ranks to the fight, while with varied tales they rouse their wrath. Nay, they even fix on spears and raise aloft the heads of Euryalus and Nisus—a sorry sight—and follow them with loud execrations. The sturdy followers of Aeneas on the left side of the wall drew up their opposing line—for the right side was covered by the river—and guarded their vast entrenchments and sadly manned their lofty towers; and the faces of the heroes fixed before them, so familiar to their too unhappy friends and dripping with black gore, troubled them also.

473. Meanwhile winged Fame flits swiftly with her news through the scared settlement, and glides to the ear of the mother of Euryalus. And straightway warm life left the frame of the unhappy dame, the shuttle fell from her hands, and the thread unwound. Hapless she flies forth, and with woman's shrieks, rending her hair, she madly rushes to the walls and the forefront of the host; little cares she for the men, little does she regard the danger and the flying weapons; then she fills the wide air with her laments: "Is it thus, that I behold thee, Euryalus? Couldst thou, O cruel one, the latest solace of my age, leave me thus lonely? has thy wretched mother not been allowed to speak a last word to thee, when thou wast sent to face such perils? Alas! thou liest in a strange land, thrown as



prey to Latin dogs and birds ! and I, thy mother, have not accompanied thee at thy burial, or closed thine eyes, or washed thy wounds, covering thee with the robe which I was hurrying to completion for thee, working night and day, solacing an old woman's cares with the loom. Whither shall I follow thee ? What land now holds thy limbs and severed members and mangled corpse ? Is it but this, my son, that thou bringest back to me of thyself ? Is this what I have followed by land and sea ? Pierce me, if you have any feeling ; on me hurl your darts, O Rutuli ; slay me first with the steel ; or do thou, great Father of the Gods, take pity, and with thy bolt hurl one whom thou hatest down to Tartarus, since not otherwise can I break the bonds of this cruel life." With these wailings their hearts are wrung, and a sorrowful murmur runs through them all : their strength is numbed and broken for the battle. Her, as her grief grows wilder, Idaeus and Actor, at the bidding of Ilioneus and Iulus, whose tears are many, raise and bear back in their arms to her dwelling.

503. But the trumpet with its sounding bronze rang out its terrible note from afar ; a shout followed, and the heavens roared responsive. The Volsci hurry to the attack in ordered ranks, advancing their covering of shields, and prepare to fill the trenches and to breach the rampart ; some seek an entrance and to scale the walls with ladders, where the line is thin, and the ring of defenders shows gaps, the men being set less thickly. The Trojans, accustomed by the long war to defend a wall, hurled against them every missile, and thrust them down with tough poles. Stones also they roll down of deadly weight, hoping somewhere to succeed in breaking through the shielded ranks ; while yet the assailants delight to brave all chances under the dense covering. And now they prevail no longer. For where a great band threatens, the Trojans roll and hurl down a mighty mass of rock, which laid the Rutuli low far and wide, and broke up their covering of arms. Nor do the bold Rutuli care longer to fight in blind warfare, but strive to drive the foe from his rampart with missiles. In one place grim-visaged Mezentius brandishes a Tuscan pine-torch, and hurls into the camp

the densely smoking flames; while Messapus, tamer of steeds, Neptune's son, tears down the palisade, and calls for ladders wherewith to scale the walls.

525. Calliope, I entreat thee and the other Muses, inspire me as I sing what havoc Turnus on that day wrought there with his sword, what deaths he caused, what warrior each sent down to Orcus, and unroll with me the mighty borders of the war. For ye remember, Goddesses, and can tell what ye remember.

530. There stood a tower of vast height, and with lofty bridges, favourably placed, which all the Italians with all their strength were trying to take by storm, and with all the power of their resources to overthrow; the Trojans opposing them defended it with stones, and through the hollow windows hurled missiles in showers. First Turnus hurled a blazing firebrand, and fixed the flame in the side of the tower, and, fanned to fury by the wind, it seized on the planks and clung to the beams which it consumed. Those within were alarmed and thrown into confusion, and in vain wished to escape the danger. While they crowd together, and retreat back to the part which as yet is untouched by the fire, then, with the weight, the tower suddenly sank forwards and all heaven thundered with the crash. Dying they reach the earth, the huge mass falling on them, pierced with their own weapons, and with the hard timbers driven through their breasts.

544. Scarce Helenor alone and Lycus escaped; of whom the youthful Helenor—whom the slave Licymnia had borne in secret to the Lydian king, and had sent to Troy, though arms were forbidden to him—was but slightly armed with a naked sword, an undistinguished warrior, his shield unblazoned. He, when he saw himself amidst the hosts of Turnus, and the Latin armies pressing on him on this side and on that: like a wild animal which, when hedged in by a dense ring of hunters, charges fiercely on their weapons, and knowingly rushes on death, and leaps upon the hunting spears: even so the youth rushes to certain death into the midst of the enemy, and makes for the place where he sees the weapons flying thickest. But Lycus, far swifter of foot, through foe and arms reaches the



walls in flight, and strives to grasp the high summit of the battlement, and touch his comrades' hands. Him Turnus pursues alike with his dart and with speed of foot, and in triumph thus taunts him: "Madman, didst thou hope that thou couldst escape my hands?" And as he spoke he grasped him as he hung, and tore him away with a great part of the wall: as when Jove's armour-bearer, seeking its lofty eyrie, has carried off with curved talons a hare or a white swan, or a wolf sacred to Mars has torn from the fold a lamb, sought by its dam with piteous bleating.

566. On all sides a shout is raised; they charge on and fill the ditches with the mound, while others hurl blazing torches on the summit of the wall. Ilioneus lays Lucetius low with a stone, the huge fragment of a mountain, as bearing brands he nears the gate; Liger lays low Emathion, Asilas Corynaeus—the one excelling with the javelin, the other with the arrow, which strikes unawares from afar. Caeneus slays Ortygius, and Turnus Caeneus in the moment of victory. Turnus slays Itys and Clonius, Dioxippus and Promolus, and Sagaris, and Idas standing in defence of the highest tower; Capys slew Privernus. Him first the light spear of Themilla had grazed; he madly casting down his shield carried his hand to the wound; so the arrow glided on its wings, and his hand was pinned to his left side, and the shaft, deeply buried, rent his lungs with a deadly wound. The son of Arcens was standing in splendid arms, his cloak embroidered, and bright with Hiberian dye—a youth splendid to look on, whom his father Arcens had sent, reared in the grove of his mother by the springs of Symaethus, where is the rich and kindly altar of Palicus. Mezentius, laying aside his spears, thrice whirled round his head his whistling sling, drawing back the thong, and with the molten lead he clove his adversary's forehead in the midst, and stretched him in death on the thick sand.

590. Then first Ascanius is said to have aimed a swift shaft in war—Ascanius who before had been accustomed to scare only the fleet beasts—and with his hand to have laid low the brave Numanus, surnamed Remulus, who had

lately allied himself in marriage to the younger sister of Turnus. He was going to and fro in front of the first line, shouting out words worthy and unworthy to be told, his heart swelling with pride in his new royalty, and he bore his giant bulk proudly as he shouted: "Are you not ashamed, twice captured Phrygians, to be pent in a second time by a rampart and a besieging army? to put walls between yourselves and death? Behold the men who with the sword demand our wives! What God, what madness, has driven you to Italy? Here are no Atridae; here is no false-tongued Ulysses. Even from our birth a hardy race, we first of all take our children to the stream, and harden them with the cruel chill of the water. Our boys spend the hours of sleep in the chase and scour the woods; their sport is to guide the steed and speed the shaft from the bow; while our young men, trained to endure toil, and accustomed to scanty fare, subdue the soil with hoes, or harass towns with war. Through all our lives we wield the sword, with inverted spear we goad the hides of our steers; nor does enfeebling age lessen the strength or change the vigour of our spirit. We cover our grey hairs with the helmet, and never cease to delight in collecting fresh booty and living on our spoils. For you, your robes shine stained with saffron and lustrous purple; dear is sloth to your hearts. It is your delight to revel in the dance, and your tunics have sleeves, and your head-dresses have ribbons. O ye who are in truth Phrygian dames (for Phrygian men ye are not), go through lofty Dindyma, where the flute utters its twofold note to your accustomed ears. The timbrel and the Berecynthian pipe of the Idaean mother invite you; leave arms to men, and give up the sword to others."

621. Him, as he thus uttered boasting words and prophesied evil, Ascanius brooked not; and, turning towards him, he fits an arrow to his horsehair bow-string, and stood firm, drawing his arms apart, and raised his voice in suppliant tones to Jove in prayer: "Almighty Jupiter, favour my bold attempt. I myself will bring to thy temples yearly offerings, and will set before thy altars a snow-white steer with gilded forehead, bearing his head



high as his mother's, of an age to butt with the horn, and scatter the sand with his hoofs." The Father heard him, and from a clear region of the sky thundered on the left, and simultaneous with the thunder's peal the deadly bow twanged; with a dread whirr the well-drawn shaft sped on its way, and passed through the head of Remulus, and drove a hole through his temples with its steel tip. "Go now, and mock at valour with arrogant words! This is the answer that the twice-captured Phrygians return to the Rutuli." But so much spake Ascanius. The Teucri shout applause and utter cries of joy, and raise their courage to the stars.

638. Apollo, with flowing tresses, chanced then to be observing from the regions of the sky above, throned on a cloud, the Ausonian lines and the settlement, and thus he addresses the victorious Iulus: "Prosper in thy new valour, boy; thus mayest thou reach the skies, child of the Gods, and destined to be father of Gods. Rightly under the race of Assaracus will all the wars that are destined to come sink to rest; nor can Troy contain thee." While he thus speaks he launches himself from the high heaven, and parts the breathing airs and seeks Ascanius. Then he changes the form of his face to that of the aged Butes. (He had erstwhile been armour-bearer to Dardanian Anchises, and faithful guardian at his door. Then his father assigned him to Ascanius as his attendant.) Apollo moved in all points like the old man, in voice and complexion, and in snowy hair and fiercely-clashing arms, and with these words addressed the exulting Iulus: "Be content, O son of Aeneas, that thou hast, unscathed thyself, slain with thy shaft Numanus. This first success the great Apollo grants thee, and grudges not to thee thy skill in arms equal to his own: abstain, my child, from further warfare."

656. Apollo thus commenced; then, while yet speaking, left mortal sight and disappeared far from their eyes into thin air. The Dardan chiefs recognised the God and his divine weapons, and they heard his quiver ring as he fled. Therefore, by the words and divine authority of Phoebus, they restrain Ascanius, yet eager for the fray. They

themselves again renew the fight, and expose their lives to open risks. A shout rises through the defences all along the wall; they bend their strong bows and whirl their javelin-thongs. The whole ground is strewn with missiles; the shields and hollow helmets ring out as they are struck; the stormy tide of battle surges fierce as the rain which, coming from the west in the season of the rainy kid-stars, lashes the ground; fierce as the storm-clouds which hurl themselves into the sea in lashing hail, what time Jupiter, dread ruler of the south wind, whirls the watery storm, and bursts the hollow clouds in the sky.

672. Pandarus and Bitias, sons of the Idaean Alcanor, whom the wood-nymph Iacra reared in the grove of Jove, warriors rivalling in stature the pine-trees of their native mountains, unclosethe the gate which has been entrusted to them by the command of their leader, trusting to their arms alone, and even invite the foe to the walls. They themselves stand within on the right hand and on the left to defend the towers, armed all in steel, their tall heads crowned with waving plumes, e'en like two tall oaks beside flowing streams, either on the banks of Po, or near the pleasant Athesis, which rise side by side, and rear their unlopped heads to the sky, and sway their lofty crowns. The Rutuli burst in as soon as they saw the entrance lying open. Straightway Quercens and Aquiculus, with his rich armour, and the fiery Tmarus and Haemon, son of Mars, either turning retreated with all their bands, or laid down their lives on the very threshold of the gate. Then more and more fierce grows the wrath in the hearts of the combatants; and now the Trojans gather their forces and flock to the same place, and dare to engage hand-to-hand, and to advance beyond their lines.

691. As Turnus, the leader, in another part of the field fights fiercely and confounds his foes, the news is brought to him that the enemy are flushed with fresh bloodshed, and are throwing wide their gates. He leaves the work he has in hand, and, stirred by fell wrath, he rushes to the Dardan gate and the haughty brothers. And first he lays low Antiphates (for he was pressing to the front), the spurious son of great Sarpedon by a Theban mother,



hurling his spear at him. The Italian cornel-wood flies through the yielding air, and, fixed in his stomach, passes on beneath his deep chest; the cavern of the black wound pours forth a foaming tide, and the spear grows warm in his pierced lungs. Then he lays low with his hand Meropes and Erymas, then Aphidnus, then Bitias, his eyes blazing and his heart filled with rage, he slew, but not with a lance, for he would not have yielded up his life to a lance; but the spear flew, hurled whistling shrilly through the air, driven to its mark like a thunder-bolt, which neither two bull's hides, nor the trusty corselet with its double scales of gold, could resist; and the mighty frame collapses and falls; the earth groans, and his huge shield thunders over him. Just as at times on the Euboean shore of Baiae a mass of masonry falls, which, formed beforehand with vast labour, they cast into the sea. So in its fall it crashes headlong down, and lies deep planted in the shallows. The seas are troubled, and the black sands are stirred up. Then high Prochyta trembles at the sound, and Inarime, placed by Jove's bidding over Typhoeus, a hard resting-place.

717. And now Mars, mighty in war, gave fresh courage and strength to the Latins, and stirred their hearts to eager effort, while amongst the Trojans he sent flight and dark fear. They assemble from all sides, since a chance of fighting has been given to them, and the warrior-god enters into their souls. Pandarus, when he saw his brother outstretched in death, and the present state of their fortunes, and how chance was directing matters, with mighty strength swings the gate on its turning hinges, pressing against it with his broad shoulders, and leaves many of his friends shut outside the walls in the stubborn fight; while others he shuts in with himself, and receives them as they rush in. Fool! in that he saw not the Rutulian king rushing on in the midst of the crowd, and with his own hand closed him in the settlement, like a savage tiger amidst helpless sheep. Straightway a new light kindled in his eyes, and his arms clashed with dreadful sound: the blood-red plumes tremble on his head, and he sends forth glittering flashes from his shield.

At once the followers of Aeneas in wild confusion recognise the hated face, the huge limbs.

735. Then the great Pandarus springs forth from the ranks, and glowing with wrath for his brother's death, he speaks: "This is not the palace, the dower promised by Amata; nor does the midst of Ardea enclose thee, Turnus, within thy native walls. Thou seest a hostile camp: hence thou hast no power to escape." To him said Turnus, smiling, with untroubled breast: "Begin, if there be any courage in thy heart, and join battle with me: thou shalt tell Priam that here, too, thou hast found an Achilles." He ceased. The other, exerting all his strength, hurls against him a spear rough with knots and untrimmed bark: the winds received it. Saturnian Juno turned aside the coming blow, and the spear is fixed in the gate. "But thou shalt not escape this weapon, which my right hand wields with might; not such in truth is the user of this weapon, the dealer of this stroke." So he speaks, and, lifting his sword on high, he rises to the stroke, and cleaves with the steel the middle of his forehead between his two temples, and parts the beardless cheeks with a hideous wound. There is a crash—the earth is shaken by his vast weight. In dying agony he stretches on the ground his swooning limbs, and his arms spattered with his blood and brains, and his head cleft in twain hangs on his shoulders on this side and on that.

756. The Trojans, turning, scatter in wild alarm; and if at once the thought had entered the victor's mind to burst the barriers with his hand and let his friends into the gates, that day would have been the last of the war and of the people of Troy. But furious rage and the mad lust for slaughter drove him fiercely on his foes. First he caught Phaleris and Gyges, cutting his ham-strings; plucking their spears from them, he hurls them against the back of those who flee from him. Juno nerves him for the fray, and gives him strength. To accompany them he sends Halys and Phegeus, piercing his shield, and then Alcander and Halius, Noëmon and Prytanis, whom he took unawares on the walls while cheering on the battle. Lynceus, who opposed him, calling on his friends to aid him, with flashing



sword he smote swift and strong from the rampart on the right : his head, swept off in close fight by this one stroke, lay still covered with the helmet far from his body. Then he slew Amycus, the scourge of wild beasts, than whom no other was more skilled to anoint his shafts and arm the steel with poison ; and Clytius the son of Aeolus, and Cretheus dear to the Muses—Cretheus, the Muses' friend, who ever loved minstrelsy and the lyre, and to draw harmonious numbers from the strings : his theme was ever the steeds and arms of heroes, and doughty deeds.

778. At length the leaders of the Trojans assemble, hearing of the slaughter of their men—Mnestheus and the brave Serestus—and they see their comrades straggling and the foe within the walls. And Mnestheus cries out : “ Whither, then, whither are ye fleeing ? What other walls have ye—what ramparts besides these ? Shall one man, and he shut in on all sides by your mounds, my countrymen, scatheless himself, cause such carnage through the settlement and send so many of our bravest warriors to Orcus ? Have ye no shame, no pity for your unhappy country and your ancestral Gods and the great Aeneas, cravens that ye are ? ” Fired by these words, they rally and form in a dense band. Turnus slowly retires from the fight, and seeks the river and that part of the wall which is surrounded by the stream. The more eagerly for this the Trojans press upon him with mighty clamour, and form a dense band around him. As when a crowd with hostile darts assails a fierce lion, while he, terrified, retreats savage with menacing looks : and neither do his rage and courage suffer him to turn to flight, nor is he able (though this, in sooth, is what he longs to do) to rush against them through the darts and men. Even so, Turnus, hesitating, retreats with lingering step, and his mind seethes with rage.

799. Nay, even then he had twice charged into the midst of his foes, twice driven their disordered ranks in flight round the walls. But the whole army hastily assembles from the camp against him alone, and Saturnian Juno does not dare to give him strength to oppose them : for Jupiter sent down Iris through the sky from heaven, bearing no

kindly mandates to his sister, should Turnus not depart from the lofty ramparts of the Trojans. Therefore the warrior cannot stand so firm with shield and sword : with such a hail of darts is he overwhelmed from all sides. Around his temples ceaseless rings his hollow helmet, and its solid bronze sides are split with stones, and the crest is dashed from his head : nor can his shield resist the blows. The Trojans and Mnestheus himself like a thunder-cloud hurl spear on spear. Then sweat pours from his whole body and runs down in a pitchy stream, nor can he longer breathe : labouring gasps shake his wearied limbs. Then at length, all armed as he was, he leaped headlong into the river. It received him as he came with its yellow waters, and bore him up on its gentle waves and washed off the gore, and restored him rejoicing to his companions.



VERGIL'S  
AENEID, BOOK X.

*A TRANSLATION.*

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MEANWHILE the mansions of all-powerful Olympus are thrown open, and the father of Gods and king of men summons a council to his starry throne, from which, high-raised, he surveys all the earth, and the camp of the sons of Dardanus, and the peoples of Latium. They sit in conclave in the double-gated halls; he himself begins:

5. "Great dwellers in heaven, why has your judgment changed for the worse? Why do you thus fiercely strive with minds embittered? I had forbidden that Italy should meet the Trojans in war. What means this quarrel, against my orders? What fear has induced or these or those to follow arms and provoke the sword? The fitting time for battle will surely come—do not anticipate it—when fierce Carthage shall one day open a passage through the Alps and send great ruin on the heights of Rome; then may you vie in hate, then may you pillage and plunder; now leave them to themselves, and cheerfully ratify the treaty which I have willed."

16. Thus briefly Jupiter; but the golden-haired Venus in reply spoke, and spoke not briefly; "O Father, eternal sovereign of Gods and men! for what else can there be to which we may now appeal? Dost thou see how the Rutuli exult over us, and Turnus is borne through the midst of the host, conspicuous for his horses, and rushes on elated by his success in war? No longer do the battlements, closed though they be, protect the Trojans; nay, within the gates and on the high-raised walls themselves they join battle, and fill the trenches with blood. Aeneas is away, unwitting what has chanced. Wilt thou never suffer them to be free from siege? A second time a foe threatens the

walls of the new rising Troy, ay, and a second host; and a second time a son of Tydeus rises against the Trojans from the Aetolian Arpi. Even for myself wounds are in store, I trow, and I, thy offspring, await mortal arms! (31.) If without thy consent, and against the will of heaven, the Trojans have sought Italy, let them suffer for their fault, and aid them not with thy help; but if, in seeking it, they have but followed many oracles given by the Gods above and the shades below, why now can anyone prevail to set at naught thy bidding, or to establish new destinies? Why should I recall the fleets burnt on the shore of Eryx? Why the king of storms, and the raging tempests raised in Aeolia, or Iris sent from heaven? Now she even stirs the shades—till now that region remained untried—and Allecto, suddenly let loose on the upper air, has passed raving through the midst of the cities of Italy. I am not concerned about empire—for the accomplishment of those promises of thine we hoped while fortune smiled on us; let those conquer whom thou wouldst have conquer. If there is no region which thy cruel spouse can grant to the Trojans, I beseech thee, Father, by the smoking ruins of Troy destroyed, may it be permitted to me to send Ascanius away from the war in safety: grant that my grandson may survive. (48.) Since so it must be, let Aeneas be tossed about on unknown waters, and follow whatever path chance may give; give me but power to save the boy, and withdraw him from the cruel fight. Amathus, and the lofty Paphos, Cythera, and the abodes of Idalia are mine; here, laying his arms aside, let him pass his life inglorious. Bid Carthage rule o'er Italy with mighty sway; from him will come no check to the Tyrian cities. What has it availed to escape the bane of war and to have fled through the midst of the Argive fires? What that so many dangers of the sea and desert land have been undergone, while the Trojans seek Latium and a restored Pergama? Would it not have been better to have settled on the last ashes of their country, and the soil on which Troy once stood? Restore, I entreat thee, Xanthus and Simois to this ill-starred race; grant to the Trojans, O Father, to experience again the woes of Ilium!"



62. Then out spoke queenly Juno, stirred with fierce wrath: "Why dost thou force me to break my deep silence and to give words to my hidden sorrows? Has any mortal, any God, compelled Aeneas to seek out war, or force his enmity on King Latinus? He has sought Italy by the will of destiny—granted—he was impelled by the ravings of Cassandra; have we exhorted him to leave his camp or commit his life to the winds? to entrust the mighty issues of war, to entrust his walls, to a boy? or to disturb the loyalty of the Tyrrhenes, or stir up peaceful peoples? What God, what cruel power of ours, has driven him to wrong? Where in all this is Juno, or Iris sent down from the clouds? 'Tis shame Italians should invest with flames the infant Troy, and Turnus should stand on his native earth, whose grandfather was Pylumus, whose mother was the Goddess Venilia! What is it that the Trojans with the dire torch of war should attack the Latins, should crush beneath their yoke the lands of others and drive off spoil? What is it that they should choose their fathers-in-law and carry off betrothed brides from the bosoms of their lords? should sue for peace in outward seeming, yet should fix arms outside their vessels? (81.) Thou canst rescue Aeneas from the hands of the Greeks, and expose to them instead of the hero a mist and empty air, and canst change his ships into so many sea nymphs; is it to be deemed a crime that we on our side have somewhat aided the Rutuli? Aeneas (thou sayest) is away, unwitting what has chanced; well, let him be away unwitting. Thou has Paphos and Idalium, thou hast lofty Cythera; why seekest thou to stir up a city teeming with wars and savage hearts? Do we endeavour utterly to overthrow to thy hurt the failing power of Phrygia? We? Or was it the deity who opposed the hapless Trojans to the Greeks? Who was the cause that Europe and Asia rose against each other in arms, and loosed by a theft the bonds of peace? Was it under *my* guidance that the adulterous son of Dardanus took Sparta by storm? or did I supply weapons or fan the blaze of war with Cupid's aid? It was *then* thou shouldst have feared for thy friends; now too late dost thou arise with unjust complaints, and hurl about ineffectual railing."

96. So pleaded Juno, and all the dwellers in heaven murmured in assent to this side or to that; as when the first gusts of the storm murmur when caught in the woods, and toss about mysterious sounds, informing seamen of the coming tempest. Then the Father omnipotent, whose is supreme power over all things, begins to speak, and as he speaks the lofty palace of the Gods is hushed, and the earth trembles to its foundations; the high heaven is stilled: then the zephyrs die away; the sea hushes its waters to rest. "Hear, then, and fix in your minds these words of mine. Since it is not permitted that the Ausonii should be leagued with the Trojans, and your dissensions have no end; whatever fortune each has to-day, whatever hope each follows, whether he be Trojan or Rutulian, I will make no distinction, whether by the good fortune of the Italians the camp be beleaguered, or by the luckless error of Troy and the adverse warnings. Nor do I hold the Rutulians free. What each has commenced shall bring to each his pains and his success. Jupiter is king alike to all men. The fates shall find their own road." Swearing by the streams of his Stygian brother, by the banks seething with pitch and with black swirling waters, he ratified his oath with a nod, and made all Olympus tremble at his nod. Here ended their debate. Then Jupiter rises from his golden throne, and the dwellers in heaven surround him and conduct him to his doors.

118. Meantime the Rutuli all around the camp at all the gates press on to slay the defenders, and to gird the walls with flames. But the followers of Aeneas are pent within their ramparts, nor is there any hope of escape. Hapless they stand on the lofty turrets, albeit in vain, and post around the walls a scanty line of defenders. Asius the son of Imbrasus, and Thymoetes son of Hicetaon, and the two Assaraci, and the aged Thymbris, with Castor, comprise the front line; these the two brethren of Sarpedon, Clarus and Themon, accompany from lofty Lycia. Acmon of Lyrnesus, no whit inferior to his father Clytius or his brother Mnestheus, heaves, with a mighty effort of his whole frame, a huge rock, no small part of a mountain. Some with javelins, others with stones, strive to defend



themselves, and prepare fire, and fit the arrow to the string. Lo! in the midst, the Dardan boy himself, Venus' most fitting care, his noble head uncovered, glitters like a gem which cleaves the yellow gold, an ornament for neck or head; or as ivory shines, skilfully set in boxwood or Orician terebinth. His milk-white neck is covered by his flowing locks, and a band of pliant gold fastens them. Thee, also, Ismarus, thy valiant tribesmen saw, aiming deadly weapons and arming shafts with venom, noble son of a Maeonian house where the men till fat fields, and Pactolus waters them with its golden stream. Mnesteus, too, was there, whom the fame, just won, of having driven Turnus from the ramparts, exalted high, and Capys; from him comes the name of the Campanian city.

146. They had engaged with one another in the stubborn conflict; Aeneas was cleaving the main at midnight. For when, leaving Evander, he entered the Etruscan camp, he approached the king, and to the king he tells his name and race, and what he sought, and what himself proposed: he sets forth what forces Mezentius is joining to himself, and the violent disposition of Turnus; he warns him what little confidence men may place in fortune, and mingles prayers with his counsel. No delay is made: Tarchon joins forces with him and concludes a treaty; then, freed from fate, the Lydian people embark by the order of the Gods, entrusting themselves to a foreign leader. Aeneas' vessel leads the way, the Phrygian lions bound to its beak beneath, and above them towers Ida, most dear to the exiled Trojans. Here sits the great Aeneas and revolves in his mind the various chances of the war: while Pallas, close to his left side, now asks about the stars, the path of dark night, now about his sufferings by land and sea.

163. And now, ye Goddesses, throw wide the gates of Helicon, and sing what host the while accompanied Aeneas from the Tuscan shores, and manned the ships and was wafted over the deep.

165. Massicus first cleaves the waves with the bronze-clad Tigris, under whom was a band of a thousand youths who left the walls of Clusium and the city of Cosae: on whose shoulders hung as weapons arrows and light quivers,

and the deadly bow. With him was grim Abas; his whole band glittered in splendid arms, and on his vessel shone a gilded Apollo. To him his native Populonia had given six hundred warriors proved in war, while Ilva sent three hundred, an island rich in the inexhaustible mines of the Chalybes. Third, Asilas—that famous interpreter to mortals of the will of Heaven, whom the entrails of the victims, whom the stars of heaven, obey, and the tongues of birds, and the prophetic fires of the thunderbolt—hurries with him to the war a thousand warriors in dense ranks with bristling spears. These Pisae bids obey him, a city in origin Alphean, built on Etruscan ground. The fair Astyr follows—Astyr, trusting in his steed and his parti-coloured armour. Those who dwell in Caere, those who dwell in the fields watered by the Minio, and old Pyrgi, and unhealthy Graviscae, add three hundred more—all inspired with the same desire to follow to the war.

185. I would not pass thee by, Cinyras, most valiant leader of the Ligurians, or thee, Cupavo, though accompanied by few followers, from whose crest rise swans' plumes; love was your shame, and your blazon that of your father's form. For they tell that Cygnus, grieving for his loved Phaethon, while he sang among the poplar leaves and in the shade of his sisters, and solaced his grieving love with deep strains, assumed a white old age of soft plumes, leaving the earth and seeking the stars with his voice. His son, accompanying with his ship the bands of his equals in age, drives forward with oars the huge Centaur: the figure-head, high-raised, impends over the water, and threatens the waves with a huge stone, and with long keel furrows the deep sea.

199. He, too, Ocnus, calls his following from his native borders, the son of prophetic Manto and the Tuscan stream, who gave to thee, Mantua, walls and the name of his mother—Mantua, rich in ancestors; but all were not of the same race: her race was threefold, four separate peoples belonged to each, and she herself was the head of the peoples; her strength was in her Tuscan blood. Hence, too, Mezentius armed against himself five hundred men, whom Mincius, son of Benacus, crowned with gray sedge,



was leading over the sea in a hostile ship of pine. There goes the mighty Aulestes, and rising to the stroke lashes the sea with a hundred oars: the shallows foam as the smooth surface is torn up. Him the vast Triton bears along, and his dark shell frightening the waves. Down to his waist as he floats his shaggy front shows human form, his belly ends in a shark; the foaming water murmurs under the monster's breast. So many chosen chiefs were going in thirty ships to the aid of Troy, and cleaving the ocean plains with bronze prow.

215. And now day had left the heaven, and kindly Phoebe in her night-wandering car was touching mid-Olympus: Aeneas—for care allows no rest to his limbs—seated, himself manages the rudder and tends the sails. And in mid-course, lo! a band meets him of his own companions: the Nymphs whom benign Cybele had ordered to have divine power in the sea, and from being ships to become Nymphs, swam along, keeping pace with his ship, and cut through the waves, as many in number as before there had been bronze-clad prows standing by the shore. Afar off they recognise the king, and surround him with dances. And Cymodocea, who was of them all most skilled to speak, following behind, grasps the ship with her right hand, and raises herself to the height of her back above the sea, while with her left hand she oars her way upon the still waters.

228. Then thus she addresses him who was all ignorant of what this might mean: "Art wakeful, heaven-born Aeneas? Be wakeful, then, and shake out the reefs! It is we, the pine-trees of Ida from the sacred summit, now Nymphs of the sea, once your fleet. When the perfidious Rutulian was driving us headlong with fire and sword we broke thy moorings, albeit unwillingly, and sought thee on the sea. This new form the Mother, pitying, gave us, and granted that we should be Goddesses, and pass our lives beneath the waves. But the boy Ascanius is pent within the wall and trenches amongst the missiles and the Latins bristling with arms. The Arcadian horsemen now occupy the appointed place, joined with the brave Etruscans. It is the fixed intention of Turnus to meet them midway

with his squadrons, that they may not join the camp. Arise, then, and with the approach of dawn be early in bidding thy comrades to be called to arms, and take the invincible shield which the Lord of Fire himself gave thee, and bound its edges with gold. To-morrow's light, if thou deemst not my words vain, shall see vast heaps of Rutuli dead."

246. She ceased, and, departing, urged on the tall ship with her right hand as she well knew how. It flies through the waves swifter even than the javelin and the arrow, which equals in speed the winds. Then the others speed on more swiftly. The Trojan son of Anchises is lost in blind amaze: still, he takes courage from the omen. Then raising his eyes to the vault of heaven above him, he briefly prays: "Kindly Idaean mother of the Gods, to whom Dindyma is dear, and towered cities and the yoke of lions broken to the bit, be thou now my leader in the fight, do thou duly accomplish this augury; with favouring foot, O Goddess, assist the Phrygians."

256. So much he spoke; and meanwhile returning day was rushing on with full light, and had chased away the darkness. First, he bids his comrades obey the signals, and prepare their courage for action and gird themselves for the fight. And now he has the Trojans and his own camp in full view, as he stands on the lofty poop; and then he raised high in his left hand his glowing shield. The Dardans from the walls raise a shout to heaven: access of hope rouses their wrath: they hurl darts. E'en so the cranes from the banks of Strymon from beneath the black clouds give warning of their coming, and traverse the sky with loud cries, and with joyful notes fly before the south winds. But to the Rutulian prince and the Ausonian leaders all this seemed strange, until, looking back, they see the ships turned to the shore, and the whole sea gliding in with the fleet. The cone of the hero's helmet blazes on his head, and from the crest on its top a flame shines forth, and the golden shield shoots forth great flashes of fire; just as sometimes, on a clear night, blood-red comets glow with baleful glare, or blazing Sirius, the star that brings thirst and sickness to troubled mortals, rises and saddens the heavens with his ill-omened beams.



276. Nevertheless courage failed not the bold Turnus to occupy the shore beforehand and drive the coming foe from the land. Promptly he encourages his men with his words, and even chides them. "What in your prayers ye have desired ye have now in your power, to force your way through the enemy. Brave men have Mars himself in their hands. Be now each and all of ye mindful of wife and home: recall now the mighty deeds, the glories of your sires. Let us wait not for their onset, but rush to the water's edge while they are in confusion, and are taking their first uncertain steps in landing. Fortune favours the brave." So he speaks, and considers with himself whom he may lead against his new foes, and to whom he may entrust the siege of the encampment.

287. Meanwhile Aeneas lands his comrades from the lofty ships by landing-planks. Many watched for the retreat of the waves when their force was spent, and leaped into the shallow water; others landed by the oars. Tarchon, scanning the shore where the shallows are not boiling and no broken water roars, but the sea untroubled glides in with spreading flow, suddenly turns his prow to the land, and calls upon his comrades: "Now, O chosen band, now bend to your strong oars! Lift your ships, bear them along: cleave this hostile land with their beaks, and let the very keel make a furrow for itself. On such an anchorage I do not grudge to break the ship when once we have gained the land." And when Tarchon had thus spoken, his companions rose on their oars and drove the foaming ships on the Latin fields, until the beaks are on dry ground, and all the keels have settled down uninjured. But not so thy ship, Tarchon. For while, dashed on the shoals, she hangs on a cruel ridge, for long in doubtful poise, and wearies the waves, she breaks up and plunges her crew in the midst of the billows, whom broken oars and floating benches impede, and the waves as they flow back also sweep back their feet.

308. Nor does slothful delay keep Turnus back; but he boldly hurries his whole army against the Trojans, and opposes them on the shore. The signals for battle sound. Aeneas first, an omen of the fight, charged into the rustic

ranks and overthrew the Latins, slaying Thero, who, mightiest of heroes, assailed Aeneas. Through bronze links, through tunic with its golden scales, he pierces his side with his sword and drains his life-blood. Then he smites Lichas, ripped from his mother's womb when she was dead, and sacred to thee, O Phoebus, because his infant form was permitted to escape the peril of the knife. And not far off he cast down to death the sturdy Cisseus and the huge Gyas, as they laid the ranks low with clubs. No whit did the arms of Hercules avail them, nor their strong hands and their sire Melampus, the comrade of Alcides as long as earth gave him arduous toils.

322. Lo, hurling at Pharos, as he utters idle vaunts, he plants the lance in the clamourer's mouth. Thou, too, Cydon—whilst hapless thou pursuest Clytius, his cheeks just growing yellow with the first down, thy newest joy—wouldst now have been lying, wretched youth, laid low by the Dardan hand, without a thought for the youthful loves which were ever thine, had not a close band of brothers opposed the prince, the sons of Phorcus, seven in number, and together they hurl against him seven spears; some bound back harmless from his shield and helmet, some fond Venus turned aside, so that they but grazed him.

332. Aeneas thus addresses the faithful Achates: "Hand me now my weapons: not one shall my right hand hurl in vain against the Rutuli, of those which were fixed in the bodies of the Greeks on the plains of Troy." Then he seizes a huge spear and hurls it: it flies and pierces the bronze shield of Maeon, and tears through his corselet and his breast. To his aid springs his brother, Alcanor, and supports with his right hand his falling brother; the hurled spear flies right on, piercing his arm, and keeps its course all blood-stained, and from this deadly stroke the arm hung from the shoulder by the sinews. Then Numitor, tearing the lance from the body of his brother, aimed it at Aeneas; but it was not permitted to him to strike him fairly, and he grazed the thigh of the great Achates.

345. Now Clausus of Cures comes up, relying on his youthful frame, and from a distance strikes Dryops beneath the chin with a stiff spear, driving it with great force, and



piercing his throat as he is in act to speak, robs him alike of speech and life; he strikes the ground with his forehead, and vomits thick gore from his mouth. Three Thracians, too, of the exalted race of Boreas, and three whom their father Idas and their country Ismara sent forth, he lays low in various ways. Halaesus runs to his assistance, and the Auruncan bands: and the son of Neptune comes up, Messapus, conspicuous with his horses. Now these, now those, strive to drive back their enemies; on the very threshold of Ausonia the fight is fought. As warring winds in the vast firmament engage in battle with equal courage and strength, they give not way to each other, nor do the clouds, nor do the waves give way; the issue is long doubtful; all things stand firm, striving against each other: even so the Trojan host and the host of the Latins meet; foot to foot and man to man the thronging lines engage.

362. But in another part of the field—where a torrent had scattered the rolling stones far and wide, and the bushes torn from the banks—when Pallas saw the Arcadians, unaccustomed to charge on foot, retreating before pursuing Latium—since the rugged nature of the ground led them to send away their horses—as the only resource in such straits, he fired their courage now with entreaties, now with bitter words: “Whither are ye flying, my friends? By yourselves, and your brave deeds; by the name of your chief, Evander, and the wars in which we have conquered; by my hope, which now follows emulous on my father’s fame; trust not to your feet. With the sword ye must cleave your way through the enemy. Where that band of warriors presses on us most thickly, that is the path by which our noble country calls ye and your leader, Pallas, back. It is not Gods that attack us; we mortals are pressed by a mortal enemy; we have as many lives and hands as they have. Lo! the sea hems us in with a great barrier of water; we have now no land on which to flee. Shall we make for the sea or for Troy?”

379. So he speaks, and bursts right into the midst of the thronging foes. First to oppose him comes Lagus, led on by unkindly fate: him, as he plucks up a stone of vast weight, he pierces with his hurled lance, through the

middle, where the spine divided his ribs; and he snatches back his spear, which is wedged among the bones. And Hisbo fails to surprise him from above, as he indeed hoped to do: for Pallas anticipates him, as he rushes on in fury, made reckless by the cruel death of his friend, and buries his sword in his swelling breast. Then he attacks Sthenelus, and Anchemolus of the ancient race of Rhoetus, who dared to dishonour the bed of his stepmother. You, also, twin brethren, fell in the Rutulian fields, Larides and Thymer, sons of Daucus, so exactly alike that their parents knew them not apart, a pleasing confusion: but now cruel indeed was the distinction that Pallas made between you. For thy head, Thymer, Evander's sword swept off; thy severed right hand, Larides, seeks thee, its lord, and the fingers, half alive, move convulsively and grasp the sword again and again.

397. Mingled resentment and shame arm the Arcadians against the enemy, fired as they are by his exhortation, when they see the glorious deeds of the hero. Then Pallas pierces Rhoetus, as he flies past on his two-horsed car. This interval, so much delay, had Ilus; for against Ilus he had hurled from a distance his stout spear, which Rhoetus intercepts in mid-flight, as he flees from thee, most valiant Teuthras, and thy brother, Tyres; and, rolling from his chariot, spurns with his dying heel the fields of the Rutuli. And as the shepherd, when the winds in summer arise to his desire, sets fire to the woods in diverse places, and suddenly, the intervening spaces catching fire, one terrible line of flame stretches across the broad plains, while he triumphant watches, from his seat above, the conquering flames; even so all the bravest of thy comrades unite together and aid thee, Pallas.

411. But Halaesus, bold in war, advances against the foe, and covers himself with his shield. He slays Ladon, and Pheres, and Demodocus; with his flashing sword he shears off the right hand of Strymonius, as he raised it against his throat; with a stone he smites Thoas in the face, and scattered the bones, mixed with brains and blood. His father, foretelling his doom, had concealed Halaesus in the woods. When, growing old, he closed his fading



eyes in death, the Fates laid their hands on the youth, and devoted him to death by the weapons of Evander. And him Pallas attacks, having first thus prayed: "Grant now, Father Tiber, to the steel which now I poise to hurl, a fortunate path through the breast of brave Halaesus. An oak that shall be thine shall hold these arms and the hero's spoils." The God heard his prayer: while Halaesus protected Imaon, hapless he exposes his breast unarmed to the Arcadian lance.

426. But Lausus, a mainstay of the war, suffers not the host to be dismayed by the death of so great a hero: first he slays Abas, who opposed him, the knot and barrier of the fight. The sons of Arcadia are laid low, the Etruscans fall, and you, O Trojans, whose bodies escaped death at the hands of the Greeks. Equal in leaders and in strength, the hosts meet in the shock of battle. The rear ranks press upon the fighting-line; and the dense throng prevents free movement of hand or weapon. On one side Pallas eagerly urges them on, on the other Lausus, nor is there much difference in their age. Both are fair in form, but fortune had denied to them return to their native land. But yet the ruler of great Olympus did not suffer them to meet in conflict with one another. Their fates await them presently at the hands of mightier foes.

439. Meanwhile, his dear sister warns Turnus to go to the aid of Lausus, and he cuts his way through the middle of the host in his swift car. When he saw his comrades: "It is time," he shouts, "to desist from the fight. I alone engage with Pallas: Pallas is my due alone. I would that his sire were here to see!" So he spoke, and his comrades left the plain at his command. But when the Rutuli retired, the youth, wondering at the haughty orders, gazes in amaze at Turnus, and rolls his eyes over his huge frame, and with bold look scans him all over from afar, and with these words he replies to the words of the king: "I shall win renown either by slaying thee and stripping off thy spoils, or by a glorious death; my father is able to bear either fortune. Forbear thy threats!"

451. Having spoken, he advances into the open plain. The chilled blood freezes in the hearts of the Arcadians.

Turnus leaped from his chariot, and prepares to advance to close quarters on foot. As a lion, when from a lofty eminence he sees standing afar off on the plains a bull intent on fight, flies towards it; even such is the appearance of Turnus as he comes on. When he thought that he would be within reach of his spear, Pallas first attacked, if haply chance may aid his daring, though in strength he is no match for his foe; and thus he addresses the great heavens: "By my father's hospitality and the board which thou hast visited as our guest, I implore thee, Alcides, to assist my great attempt. May he see me strip his blood-stained arms from his dying body! May the dying eyes of Turnus endure to look on his conqueror!"

464. Alcides heard the youth, and stifles a great groan deep in his heart, and sheds fruitless tears. Then the Father addresses his son with kindly words: "Each has his appointed day; for all the time of life is short and may not be renewed; but to prolong one's fame by noble deeds, this is the work of valour. So many sons of Gods fell under the lofty walls of Troy—nay, my own boy Sarpedon fell among them. His own fates now summon Turnus too, and he is nearing the goal of his allotted span." So he speaks, and turns away his eyes from the fields of the Rutulians.

474. But Pallas hurls his spear with great strength, and draws from its hollow sheath his flashing sword. The missile flies, and strikes where rises the top of the armour on the shoulder, and, forcing its way through the edge of the shield, at last even grazes the huge body of Turnus. Then Turnus, long poising it, hurls against Pallas his stout spear, tipped with sharp steel, and thus speaks: "See whether my spear be not more piercing." He ceased, but the spear's point with quivering stroke smites through the midst of the shield, so many sheets of iron, so many of bronze, though the bull's hide covered it with so many folds, and it pierces the barrier of his corselet and his mighty breast. In vain he plucks from the wound the reeking weapon; by the self-same road rush out his blood and life. He fell on his wound, and his arms rang upon him, and in his death-agony he bites the hostile ground with blood-stained mouth.



490. And Turnus, standing over him, thus speaks: "Arcadians," he says, "mindfully bear back these words of mine to Evander: I send Pallas back to him as he has deserved that I should send him. I freely give such honour as there is in a tomb, such solace as there is in burial. His hospitality to Aeneas shall cost him dear." And when he had thus spoken, with his left foot he pressed the lifeless body, as he stripped it of the ponderous belt, stamped with a scene of crime—on their marriage-night the band of youths foully slain all together, and the nuptial couches stained with blood—which Clonus, the son of Eurytus, had embossed in much gold; in which spoil Turnus now exults, and rejoices to have won it. O mind of mortals, blind to fate and future destiny, knowing not how to restrain itself when elated with prosperity! A time will come to Turnus when he would give much to have Pallas back unharmed, and when he will hate those spoils and that day. But his comrades crowd round Pallas, and with much wailing and many tears bear him back upon his shield. Ah, Pallas, destined to return to thy sire bringing grief and yet great glory! This very day that first gave thee to the war takes thee away, while yet thou leavest vast heaps of Rutuli slain!

510. And now no rumour of this great ill, but a surer messenger, flies to Aeneas, that his men are but a little space removed from death, that it is time to aid the routed Trojans. All who encounter him he mows down with his sword, and, furious, drives with the steel a broad line through the host, seeking thee, Turnus, exulting as thou art in thy recent bloodshed. All things are present to his eyes: Pallas, Evander, the board which then he first approached as a stranger, and the pledges interchanged. Four youths then, sons of Sulmo, and the same number whom Ufens reared, he takes alive, to offer them as sacrifices to the shades and to sprinkle with the blood of captives the flames of the funeral-pyre.

521. Then from afar at Magus he aimed his deadly spear. He deftly stoops from the blow; but the quivering spear flies over him, and, embracing the hero's knees, he thus prays with suppliant voice: "By the shades of thy father

and by thy hope in young Iulus, I entreat thee preserve this life for my son and father. I have a noble house; within it lie buried talents of embossed silver. I have masses of gold wrought and unwrought. Not on me does the victory of the Trojans depend, nor will one life make so great a difference." He ceased, and Aeneas thus answers him: "Those many talents of silver and gold of which thou speakest spare for thy children. This barter of war which thou proposest Turnus was the first to end at the very moment when Pallas was slain. So feel the shades of my father Anchises, so feels Iulus." Thus speaking, he grasps his helmet with his left hand, and, bending back the neck of the suppliant, he drives his sword home to the hilt.

537. And not far off was Haemonides, the priest of Phoebus and of Trivia, whose temples the fillet bound with sacred band, all lustrous in attire and splendid arms. Meeting him, he drives him over the plain, and when he falls, standing over him he slays him, and throws over him the mighty shade of death. Serestus gathers up the arms and carries them back on his shoulders, a trophy to thee, king of battles. Caeculus, born of the race of Vulcan, and Umbro, who came from the hills of the Marsi, repair the ranks. The Trojan prince rushes furiously against them. With his sword he had smitten off the left arm of Anxur, and the whole orb of his shield he had struck down with the steel. (He had uttered some boast, and had trusted that his force would match his words, and haply exalted his soul to heaven, and had promised himself gray hairs and a length of years.)

550. Tarquitus, whom the nymph Dryope had borne to sylvan Faunus, springing forth against him in glittering arms, opposed himself to the infuriate chief. But he, drawing back his spear, nails to his breast his corselet and ponderous shield; then, as he prays in vain and prepares to utter many words, he dashes his head to the ground, and, spurning the headless corpse still warm, speaks these words over him, for his mind was bitter against him: "Lie there now, dread warrior! Thy excellent mother shall not bury thee, or cover thy limbs with thy ancestral tomb; thou shalt be left for the wild birds, or the waters shall bear



thee away plunged in whirling eddies, and hungry fish shall lick thy wounds!"

561. Forthwith he attacks Antaeus and Luca, the foremost ranks of Turnus, and the brave Numa and the yellow-haired Camers, the son of the noble Volscens, who was the wealthiest in land of Ausonia's sons and ruled over Amyclae the silent. Like as Aegaeon—to whom legend gives a hundred arms, a hundred hands, and flames blazing from fifty mouths and breasts—when in response to Jove's thunderbolts he dinned with so many equal shields and drew so many swords, even so Aeneas raged victorious over the whole plain when once his sword was warmed. Nay, behold, he rushes against the horses and opposing breast of Niphaeus in his four-horse chariot. And the horses, when they saw him advancing with long strides and horrid shouts, turning in terror and rushing back, throw out their driver, and hurry the chariot to the shore.

575. Meantime Lucagus drives into the midst with his brother Liger in a car with a pair of white horses; but his brother guides the horses with the reins, the bold Lucagus brandishes a drawn sword. Aeneas brooked them not as they raged so fiercely; he rushed against them, and in his might barred their path with his spear. To whom Liger: "Not the horses of Diomedes dost thou behold, not Achilles' car, or the plains of Phrygia. Now in these lands shall an end be put to the war and to thy life." Such idle words fly from the lips of Liger in his madness. But the Trojan hero does not also prepare words in reply, for he hurls his lance against the foe. As Lucagus urged on his steeds, bending forward to smite with the sword, while advancing his left foot he is preparing for the fight, the spear passes through the lowest border of his glittering shield, then pierces his left groin: dashed from his car, he rolls dying on the ground. And the good Aeneas addresses him with bitter words: "Lucagus, 'tis not thy steeds who in coward flight have betrayed thy car, nor the empty shadows of an enemy which have caused them to flee: it is thou that desertest thy steeds when thou leapest from the car." Having thus spoken, he seized the horses;

the hapless brother, slipping from the chariot which held them both, stretched out his powerless hands: "By thyself, by the parents who begot so great a son, O Trojan hero, spare this life and take pity on a suppliant!" To him Aeneas, as he uttered many prayers: "Not such the words thou didst utter but now. Die! And brother as thou art, desert not thy brother!" Then he laid open with his sword his breast, the secret abode of life. Such deaths did the Trojan leader deal along the plains, raging like a rushing torrent or a black whirlwind. At last the young Ascanius and the warriors, vainly besieged, burst forth and leave the camp.

606. Meanwhile Jupiter, unaddressed, thus speaks to Juno: "My sister and darling spouse, as thou didst think—nor does thy judgment err—it is Venus that sustains the Trojan fortunes, not the heroes' hand vigorous in war and daring courage that shuns no danger." To whom Juno humbly says: "Why, most noble spouse, dost thou vex me who am sick at heart, and who fear thy unkind words? Had I that power in love which once I had, and which it was seemly that I should have, thou surely wouldst not, omnipotent that thou art, deny me this, that I might withdraw Turnus, too, from the fight, and preserve him safe for his father Daunus. As it is, let him perish, and with his pious life make atonement to the Trojans. Yet he derives his name from our stock, and Pilumnus was his ancestor four generations ago; and often with liberal hand and plentiful gifts he has piled thy thresholds."

621. And to her briefly thus replies the king of lofty Olympus: "If a delay and a respite from present death is what thou askest for this youth who is doomed to perish, and thou understandest that such is my will, remove Turnus by flight, and rescue him from instant death. There is room for this one stretch of indulgence. But if under these prayers of thine lies hidden any further favour, and thou thinkest that the whole war may be upset or changed, thou cherishest idle hopes." And Juno, weeping: "What if that which with thy voice thou art slow to grant thou shouldst grant in thy heart, and this life I crave should be assured to Turnus? Now sad death awaits an innocent



man, or I go in blind ignorance of the truth. But rather would that I may be the sport of baseless fear, and that thou who hast the power mayest bring to a more prosperous issue that which thou hast already begun."

633. When she had uttered these words she straightway launched herself from high heaven, shrouded with a cloud, driving a storm before her through the air, and made for the Ilian battle-field and the Laurentian camp. Then the Goddess equips with Trojan weapons an impalpable shade of hollow cloud without strength in the guise of Aeneas—a portent wonderful to see; and she counterfeits his shield and the crest on his divine head, she gives it soulless words, she gives it voice without mind, and fashions the very gait of the hero—a form such as that in which we are told that shades flit about after death, or those dreams which delude the senses when lulled in sleep. But before the foremost ranks the phantom vaunts itself exulting, and with its weapons provokes the hero, and challenges him with words. And Turnus pursues it, and from afar hurls his spear hurtling through the air: it turns its back and retreats. Then, indeed, when Turnus believed that Aeneas had turned and was giving way, and when wildly exultant he drank in idle hope: "Whither fleest thou, Aeneas?" he cries. "Forsake not the nuptials to which thou art pledged: by this right hand shall the land be given to thee in quest of which thou hast come o'er the waves." Thus crying out he follows the phantom and brandishes his drawn sword, and he sees not that the winds bear away his hopes of triumph.

653. A ship chanced to stand moored to the edge of a lofty rock, with its ladders out and gangway ready, in which king Osinius had been borne from the shores of Clusium. Hither the phantom of the flying Aeneas in wild alarm betakes itself to a hiding-place; and Turnus with no less speed pursues, and surmounts all hindrances, and bounds across the high gangways. Scarce had he touched the prow when Saturn's daughter broke the rope, and, tearing the ship away, hurried it over the ebbing waves. But Aeneas calls for his absent foe to meet him in the fight, and sends down to death many bodies of heroes who

cross his path. Then the unsubstantial phantom no longer seeks a hiding-place, but, flying aloft, lost itself in a black cloud; while meantime the whirling tide carries Turnus off in the midst of the sea.

667. He looks back, not suspecting the truth, and unthankful for his safety, and with prayers raises his two hands to the stars: "Almighty Father, hast thou thought me worthy of so great a reproach, and was it thy will that I should suffer such punishment? Whither am I borne? Whence have I come? What way of escape will bring me back, or in what guise? Shall I see again the Laurentine walls or the camp? What shall I say of that band of warriors who followed me and my arms, all of whom—oh! the shame of it!—I have left in the awful grasp of death? Even now I see their ranks broken—I hear the groans of the dying. What shall I do? How can earth now gape deep enough for me? Oh, rather do ye, winds, take pity on me! Drive the ship on cliffs and rocks—it is I, Turnus, who earnestly beseech you—and hurl it on the Syrtis' cruel shoals, whither neither the Rutuli nor rumour that knows my shame may follow me." As he thus speaks, he wavers in his mind, now this way, now that, whether in his frenzy at such disgrace to throw himself upon his sword and drive the cruel steel through his side, or to cast himself into the midst of the waves and swim for the curving shore, and again present himself to the arms of the Trojans. Thrice he attempted either way of escape, and thrice great Juno restrained him, and, pitying him in her heart, stayed the warrior. He glides on, cleaving the deep with favouring wave and tide, and is borne to the ancient city of his father Daunus.

689. But meanwhile, at Jove's bidding, the fierce Mezentius next enters the battle, and attacks the triumphant Trojans. The Tyrrhene ranks assemble, and on one man they press with a people's might, on one man with execrations and showers of missiles. He, like a cliff which juts out into the boundless sea, offering an opposing front to the fury of the winds and the deep, and endures all the might and bluster of sky and ocean, itself abiding unmoved—so he lays low Hebrus, the son of Dolichaon, and with



him Latagus and the flying Palmus; but Latagus he meets in the mouth and full in the face with a rock, even the huge fragment of a mountain, before he could strike him; Palmus, hamstrung, he leaves rolling on the ground disabled, and he gives his arms to Lausus to wear on his shoulders, and his crest to bind on his head. And the Phrygian Euanthes, too, and Mimas the equal in age and companion of Paris, whom Theano bore to his father Amycus on the same night as that on which the queen, the daughter of Cisseus, pregnant with a fireband, bore Paris. Paris lies in his father's city: the Laurentine shore holds Mimas, a stranger to the land.

707. And even as the fierce boar, driven by the bite of dogs from the lofty mountains, whom the pine-clad Vesulus has sheltered for many years, or for many years the Laurentian marsh, fed on the thick-growing reeds, when he has fallen into the toils, stands at bay and roars fiercely and raises the shaggy bristles on his shoulders, and no one has the courage to be fierce or approach nearer to him, but they ply him with javelins and with safe shouting from afar; while he fearlessly lingers, facing every way, gnashing his teeth, and shakes the spears from his back—even so among those who have just cause for resentment against Mezentius there is none who has courage to close with him with the drawn sword: from a distance they harass him with missiles and with loud shouts.

719. Acron had come from the ancient territories of Corythus, a Greek who, exiled, left his marriage unaccomplished. When he saw him afar off, throwing the midst of the host into confusion, bright with plumes and the purple scarf given him by his betrothed—as often a ravenous lion roving through the tall sheepfolds (for maddening hunger drives him), if perchance he sees a fleet she-goat or a stag with high-rising antlers, opening wide his huge jaws rejoices, while his mane stands on end, and fastens on the flesh on which he pounces, and horrid gore besmears his cruel mouth—even so into the dense ranks of the foe rushes the brave Mezentius. The hapless Acron is laid low, and as he breathes his last beats the black ground with his heel, and stains with his blood the shivered weapon.

732. And he, too, deigned not to strike down Orodes as he fled, nor hurling his spear to strike him unawares. He ran to meet him face to face, and opposed himself to him as man to man, surpassing him not by trickery, but by his valour in fight. Then, planting his foot on him, and spurning him away as he pulled out his spear with effort: "The noble Orodes lies dead, O heroes!" he calls out; "no mean sharer in the war." His comrades cry aloud, taking up the exultant paeon. But he, as he breathed his last, cries: "Whoever thou art, thou shalt not long rejoice victorious without my being avenged: thee, too, a like destiny awaits, and thou wilt soon lie low on the same earth." And on him Mezentius smiled wrathfully. "Now die," quoth he, "but let the Father of the Gods and the King of men see to me." So saying, he drew the lance from his body. On his eyes presses a cruel repose, an iron slumber, and their light is quenched in eternal night. Caedicus slays Alcathous; Sacrator, Hydaspes; and Rapo slays Parthenius, and Orses endowed with surpassing strength; Messapus slays Clonius and Ericetes, the son of Lycaon—the former as he lay on the ground, having fallen from his unbridled steed; the latter he slays on foot, himself on foot. And Lycian Agis had stepped forward, whom, however, Valerus, who had no small share of the valour of his ancestors, laid low; while Salius slew Thronius, and Nealces Salius—Nealces famous for his skill with the lance and the arrow that smites unawares from afar.

755. Now stern Mars was making equal the mourning and the deaths on both sides. Conquerors and conquered alike slew and alike were slain; nor these nor those thought of flight. In the halls of Jove the Gods pity the vain wrath of both armies, and grieve that mortals should endure such toils. From one place Venus, from another Juno, Saturn's daughter, surveys the fight. Pallid Tisiphone rages among the host. But Mezentius, brandishing a mighty spear, rushes furiously into the field. As great Orion, when he advances on foot, cleaving his way through the great pools of mid-ocean, overtops the waves with his shoulders; or, bearing away from the summits of the hills an aged ash, walks on the earth and hides his head among the clouds:



in such wise stalks Mezentius in his mighty arms. Him Aeneas on the other side prepares to oppose, espying him in the long array. Undaunted, Mezentius stands his ground, awaiting his high-souled foe, and stands firm in his vast bulk, and judges with his eyes the space which may be covered by his spear: "Now aid me my right hand, that is my god, and my lance which I poise in act to hurl! I vow that thou thyself, Lausus, clad in the spoils stripped from the plunderer's body, shalt be the trophy of Aeneas."

776. He spoke, and from a distance hurled his whirling spear; but as it flew it was dashed aside from the shield, and pierced afar off between the side and flank the illustrious Antor—Antor, the companion of Hercules, who, sent from Argos, had attached himself to Evander and settled in an Italian city. Hapless he is laid low by a stroke aimed at another, and takes his last look at the sky, and as he dies recalls to mind pleasant Argos. Then the good Aeneas hurls his spear; it passed through the hollow circle of triple bronze, through the flaxen layers and the structure wrought with threefold bull's-hides, and fixed itself low in his groin; but it failed to carry its force home. Aeneas, exulting when he saw the blood of the Tuscan, swiftly draws his sword from his thigh, and rushes impetuous on his troubled foe.

789. Lausus groaned deeply in his love for his dear father when he saw this sight, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. Here I, in sooth, will not fail to tell of the calamity of thy cruel death, and of thy splendid deeds, if any lapse of time will bring belief in such an act, nor of thee, O youth, worthy as thou art to be held in memory. The father, retreating, was quitting the field, helpless and hampered, and trailed with him, fixed in his shield, the foeman's spear. The youth dashed forward and mingled in the fray; and now he met the point of Aeneas as he raised his arm and dealt his blow, and stayed the hero by this check. With loud shouts his comrades support him, till the father should retire under cover of his son's shield, and they hurl lances and from afar try to drive off the foe with missiles.

802. Aeneas is filled with rage, and covers himself with his shield. And as, when at times the storm-clouds hurl themselves down in showering hail, every ploughman and every husbandman flees from the fields, and the wayfarer conceals himself in a safe shelter, either under the banks of a stream or under the arch of some tall rock, while it rains in the land, that so, when the sun is restored to them, they may fill the day with toil—so Aeneas, overwhelmed with missiles from all sides, sustains the storm of war, waiting till its thunder shall cease, and chides Lausus, and against Lausus directs his threats: “Whither dost thou rush to death, and darest thou tasks too great for thy strength? Thy affection betrays thee into rashness.” Yet none the less is he defiant in his madness; and now the fierce wrath of the Dardan leader rises higher, and the Fates spin the last threads of Lausus’ life; for Aeneas drives his strong sword right through the youth and buries it in his body to the hilt. And the point passed through the shield, too, the slender armour of the bold boy, and the tunic which his mother had woven of pliant gold, and blood filled his bosom; then his spirit fled sadly through the air to the shades and left his body.

821. But in truth, when Anchises’ son saw the look of the dying youth and his face, his cheeks growing wondrous pale, he groaned deeply in pity for him, and stretched forth his hand, and the picture of his own love for his father stole into his mind. “What now, unhappy boy, befitting this noble deed of thine, what shall the good Aeneas give that shall be worthy of such a noble heart? Keep those arms as thine own in which thou didst rejoice; and I send thee back to the shades and ashes of thy fathers, if thou hast any care for this. With this, however, hapless one, thou shalt solace thyself for thy wretched death: thou fallest by the hand of the great Aeneas.” Himself he chides his comrades’ delay, and raises from the earth the body which stains with blood the locks so carefully trimmed.

833. Meantime his father by the wave of the river Tiber was stanching his wounds with fair water and resting his body, leaning against the trunk of a tree. His bronze



helmet hangs far away on the branches, and his massive arms lie peaceful on the mead. His chosen warriors stand around him; he himself, sore distressed and panting, rests his neck, his long beard streaming down his chest. He asks many questions about Lausus, and often sends messengers to summon him and bear him orders from his anxious sire. But his comrades, weeping, were bearing on his shield the lifeless body of Lausus, vast in stature and smitten with a vast wound. His mind, presaging evil, recognised the wailing afar off. He disfigures his gray hairs with much dust, and stretches both his hands to heaven, and clings to the body: "O my son, had life such charms for me that I should suffer him whom I begot to meet in my stead the foeman's hand? Am I, thy father, preserved by thy wounds, living by thy death? Alas! now at length to me, wretch that I am, is exile unhappy! now has the wound been driven home! I, my son, have blackened thy name likewise with my guilt, having been driven for the hate my people bore me from my throne and the empire of my ancestors. I owed a penalty to my country and to the hatred of my people; I myself should have yielded up to death in any shape my guilty life! Now I live, and so far leave not men and the light! But I will leave them."

856. While he thus speaks he raises himself on his wounded thigh, and though his strength is crippled by the deep wound, in no wise downcast, he bids his horse be brought. This was his glory, this was his joy: mounted on this he came victorious out of every fight. He addresses his mournful steed, and in such words accosts it: "Rhaebus, if anything lasts long for mortals, we have lived long. Either to-day thou shalt bear off victorious those blood-stained spoils and the head of Aeneas, and shalt be with me the avenger of Lausus' wrongs; or if no might opens a way for us, thou shalt perish with me; for thou, my gallant steed, I trow, wilt not deign to obey an alien's bidding or Trojan masters." So he spoke, and, mounting his steed, took his familiar seat, and filled both his hands with keen lances, his head glittering with bronze and bristling with horse-hair plume. So fiercely he rushed into

the midst of the enemy. In his one heart surges great shame, and madness mixed with grief, and love aroused by frenzy, and conscious valour. And then thrice with mighty voice he calls Aeneas.

874. Aeneas, indeed, knows his voice, and prays exulting: "So may the great Father of the Gods grant it, so the most noble Apollo! Mayst thou begin the fight!" So much he speaks, and advances to meet him with levelled spear. But he cries: "What terrors hast thou for me, most cruel foe, now that my son is slain? This was the only way in which thou couldst destroy me. Neither do we fear death nor do we spare any of thy Gods. Cease; now I come against thee meaning to die, and first I bear thee these gifts." So he spake, and he hurled his lance against the foe; then he plants another after it, and yet another, as he flies around in a wide circle; but the golden shield withstands them. Thrice he rode around him as he stood, wheeling from right to left, hurling his lances from his hand; thrice the Trojan hero, as he turns himself, bears round this forest of darts on his bronze-clad shield. Then, when he wearies of such long delay, of plucking out so many darts, and is hard pressed, engaged in an unequal fight, revolving many thoughts in his mind, now at length he bursts forth and hurls his spear through the hollow temples of the war-horse. The steed rears himself upright and paws the air, and, throwing his rider, falls over him himself and holds him down, and lies over him with dislocated shoulder and outstretched head. With ardent shouts Trojans and Latins fill the sky.

896. Aeneas rushes up to him, and draws his sword from its sheath, and thus speaks over him, "Where is now the bold Mezentius and his fierce daring?" To him the Tuscan, as looking up to the air he drank in the breath of heaven and recovered consciousness: "Cruel foe, why dost thou chide me and threaten death? No wrong is there in slaying me. Not on these terms did I come to battle, nor did my Lausus conclude with thee such covenant for me. This one boon I crave, by whatever grace there may be for vanquished foemen—suffer my body to be buried in the ground. I know that the bitter hatred of my people besets



me ; guard me, I beseech thee, from this wrath of theirs, and consign me to a tomb, where I may have my son with me." Thus he speaks, and willingly receives the sword in his throat, and pours forth his life over his armour in waves of blood.





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